

MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

"NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI."

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[VOL. 1.]

[It was the intention of the editors to devote a portion of each number of the MISCELLANY to the interesting department of *Biography*. But, considering the narrowness of our limits, we are induced occasionally to deviate from the original design, in order to admit productions of superior merit. The following ADDRESS, considering the occasion on which it was delivered, is a morsel of unequalled worth. "Where is the youth who can go forth into the world with such a lesson imprinted upon his mind, and become an infidel?"]

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered to the Candidates for the Baccalaureate, in Union College, in Schenectady, N. Y. at the Anniversary Commencement, May 1, 1805, by ELIPHALET NOTT, President of Union College.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

THIS day closes your collegiate life.—You have continued the term, and completed the course, of studies prescribed in this institution. You have received its honors, and are now to go forth adventurers, unsuspecting, perhaps, and certainly unexperienced, into a fascinating but illusive world, where honor flaunts in fictitious trappings; where wealth displays imposing charms, and pleasure spreads her impious banquets. And that too, at a period when the passions are most ungovernable—When the fancy is most vivid—when the blood flows rapidly through the veins, and the pulse of life beats high. Already does the opening scene brighten as you approach it, and happiness, smiling but deceitful, passes before your eyes, and beckons you to her embrace.

Called to address you, at this affecting crisis, and for the last time, had I, like the patriarchs of the East, a blessing at my disposal, how gladly should I bestow it. But I have not, and can therefore only add to the solicitude which I feel, my counsel and my prayers.

Permit me to advise you then, Young Gentlemen, when you leave this seminary, and even after you shall have chosen a profession and entered on the business of life, still to consider yourselves only learners.—Your acquirements here, though respectable, are the first rudiments merely of an education which must be hereafter pursued and completed. In the acquisition of knowledge you are never to be stationary, but always progressive. Nature has no where said to man, pressing forward in the career of intellectual glory, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." Under GOD, therefore, it depends upon yourselves to

say, how great—how wise—how useful you will be. Men of moderate talents, by a course of patient application, have often risen to the highest eminence, and standing far above where the momentary sallies of uncultivated genius ever reach, have plucked from the lofty cliff its deathless laurel. Indeed, to the stature of the mind no boundary is set. Your bodies, originally from the earth, soon reach their greatest elevation, and bend downwards again towards that earth, out of which they were taken. But the inner man—that sublime, that rational, that immortal inhabitant, which pervades your bosoms, if sedulously fostered, will expand and elevate itself, till, touching the earth, it can look above the clouds, and reach beyond the stars.

Go then, and emulous to excel in whatever is splendid, magnanimous and great, with NEWTON, span the heavens, and number and measure the orbs which decorate them.—With LOCKE, analyze the human mind.—With BOYLE, examine the regions of organic nature. In one word, go; and with the great, and the wise, and the good, of all nations and all ages, ponder the mysteries of Infinite Wisdom, and trace the EVERLASTING in his word, and in his works. A wide and unbounded prospect spreads itself before you; in every point of which DIVINITY shines conspicuous, and on which ever side you turn your enraptured eyes, surrounded with uncreated majesty, and seen in the light of his own glory, GOD appears. He leads the way before you, and sheds radiance on his path, that you may follow him.

Control and subjugate your passions.—Originally, order pervaded human nature.—The bosom of man was calm—his countenance serene. Reason sat enthroned in his heart, and to her control the passions were subjected. But the days of innocence are past. And with them has also passed the reign of reason. Phrenzy ensues. He who was once calm and rational, is now blind and impetuous. A resistless influence impels him. Consequences are disregarded, and madly pressing forward to the object of his desire, he exclaims, "My honor, my property, my pleasure;" but is never heard to say, "my religion, my duty, my salvation."*

* SAURIN varied.

While reason maintained her empire, the passions were a genial flame, imparting warmth to the system, and gently accelerating the circulation of the blood. But, that empire subverted, they kindle into a VESUVIUS, burning to its centre, and pouring out on every side, its desolating lava. The passions, said an inspired apostle, war against the soul: And the same apostle who said this, commands you to overcome them.

Cultivate and cherish the sympathies of your nature.—These, though blighted by the apostacy, still retain the tints of faded loveliness, and when sanctified in the heart and unfolded in the life, even of fallen man, they possess a resistless charm, and furnish some faint idea what he must have been in a state of innocence.

For the exercise of these sympathies, in all the paths of life, you will meet with pitiable objects who will present their miseries to your eye, and address the moving eloquence of sorrow to your heart. Always listen to this eloquence; always pity this misery, and if possible relieve it.—Yes, young gentlemen, whatever seas you may navigate, or whatever part of the habitable world you may travel, carry with you your humanity. Even there divide your morsel with the destitute; advocate the cause of the oppressed; to the fatherless be a father; and cover the shivering limbs of the naked with your mantle. Even there soothe the disconsolate, sympathize with the mourner, brighten the countenance bedimmed with sorrow, and, like the GOD of mercy, shed happiness around you and banish misery before you.

In all your intercourse with mankind, rigidly practice justice, and scrupulously adhere to truth; other duties vary with varying circumstances. What would be liberality in one man would be parsimony in another. What would be valor on one occasion would be temerity on another. But truth and justice are immutable and eternal principles; always sacred and always applicable. In no circumstances or crisis however awful, can there be an aberration from the one or a direktion of the other, without sin. With respect to every thing else, be accommodating, but here be unyielding and invincible. Rather carry your integrity to the dungeon or the scaffold, than receive in exchange for it liberty and

life. Should you ever be called upon to make your election between these extremes do not hesitate. It is better prematurely to be sent to heaven in honor, than, having lingered on the earth, at last to sink to hell in infamy. In every situation, a dishonest man is detestable, and a liar is still more so.

I have often, young gentlemen, recommended to you a sacred adherence to truth. I would on this occasion repeat the recommendation, that I may fix it the more indelibly in your hearts. Believe me when I tell you, that on this article you can never be too scrupulous.

Truth is one of the fairest attributes of the Deity. It is the boundary which separates vice from virtue—the line which divides heaven from hell. It is the charm which binds the man of integrity to the throne of GOD, and like the GOD to whose throne it binds him till this chain is dissolved, his word may be relied on.—Suspended on this, your property, your reputation, your life are safe. But against the malice of a liar there is no security. He can be bound by nothing. His soul is already repulsed to a returnless distance from that Divinity, a sense of whose presence is the security of virtue. He has sundered the last of those moral ligaments which bind a mortal to his duty. And having done so, through the extended region of fraud and falsehood, without a bound to check or a limit to confine him, the dreaded enemy of innocence, he ranges; whose lips pollute even truth itself, as it passes through them, and whose breath, like the cadaverous mists of Hades, blasts, and soils, and poisons as it touches.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

THE COLLECTINEA....No. I.

WHO would ever imagine that a similarity subsisted between *Shakespeare* and *John Bunyan*?—whose writings are as remote from each other as Nova Zembla and the Caribbees. The association of these two names in a critical parallel, appears almost as ludicrous and fantastic as the idea of *John Bull* taking a social dish of tea with *Madame Bonaparte*. But in the two following quotations, the matchless Dramatist and the Calvinistic Dreamer are pretty closely allied, both in sentiment and expression.

In the comedy of "As You Like It," the following song is sung by "my Lord of Amiens" and the melancholy Jaques. The topics in the initial stanzas are such as naturally arise in the mind of every for-ester enamoured of sylvan life, and enjoying with quietude a crust and independence.

Under the greenwood tree.
Who lyes to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.
Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.
If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please;
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me,
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An' if he will come to me.

The passage from Bunyan occurs in the second part of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and is supposed to be said or sang by one of his Christian worthies, whom the whimsical author salutes by the oddly-compounded name of "*Mr. Valiant for Truth*." In this little Christian ballad, though the production of a rude unlettered man, who, on most other occasions, has composed very harsh rhymes, we discern much melody, sweetness and simplicity. The resemblance to the song in Shakespeare is obvious; but it is highly improbable that the author of the Pilgrim had any knowledge of the author of "As You Like It." It must be concluded that the coincidence was fortuitous.

Who would true valor see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather:
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but himself confound,
His strength the more is;
No lion can him fright:
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend,
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows, he at the end
Shall life inherit;
Then fancies fly away,
He'll not fear what men say,
He'll labor night and day,
To be a pilgrim.

Among the papers laid before the Royal Irish Academy is an "Essay on Credulity," by Wm. Preston, Esq. In the introduction to this Essay, the author contends, that the "*Principle of Credulity*" is the most powerful motion of human action, which the daring and impetuous may employ by chance, the profound and politic on principle and by design, to gain a power and

purchase, by which they turn and wield the human instrument, and make it most efficaciously perform the purposed work of the mover. Epidemic credulity and popular delusion forward, or even produce, great revolutions: it is the great spring that agitates religious enthusiasms; it becomes the means of misleading the public attention, and of impressing false notions of the views and motives of governments, and states. These and many other evils are pointed out as arising from credulity; and having pointed out its pernicious effects in a great variety of instances, the author divides his work into sections, of which the first is intended to shew, that credulity is an innate principle, and distinguished from rational belief. Its use is shown; the reasons given why it is sometimes joined with distrust; and then some instances of successful imposture are adduced to show the general prevalence of credulity. Of these latter it is said, that the commencement of imposture has usually been fortuitous. "Thus (says Mr. Preston) it was with respect to Mahomet. Being subject to attacks of epilepsy, and wishing to conceal his infirmity from his wife, he told her his convulsions were occasioned by the sight of the angel Gabriel, who came to reveal to him many things in the name of God. Cadigha immediately went about, and told, from house to house, that her husband was a prophet, and endeavored to procure him followers." A similar infirmity induced Elizabeth Barton, of England, to commence prophetess; and it is not improbable, according to our author, that the inspiration of the Pythian priestess was of the same nature, and that she afterwards acquired the power of working herself into trances and convulsions.

In the second section, Mr. Locke's theory respecting credulity, which is a feeling, is examined; and it shews that reason ought to be employed to determine the grounds of dissent. In the course of this discussion, we are referred to the tragical fate of Calas family, at Thoulouse; the pretended inspiration of Miss Kitty Cadiere, and her extatic intercourse with the seraphic Pere Gerard; the imposture of Elizabeth Canning; to the affair of the Cock lane ghost, and to the pretended witchcraft in Scotland. Hence the statute 33d Henry VIII; which makes it felony, without benefit of clergy, to invoke, consult, covenant, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil spirit. Judge Blackstone is also referred to with astonishment, that a man of such talents should admit the possibility, and even probability, of such a crime being committed.

The two remaining sections are taken up in showing the "grounds for dissent."

ing from popular rumor," and in producing methods by which "popular credulity may be remedied or prevented." Do our readers ask, what are the remedies suggested by Mr. Preston, he shall speak for himself: "The promoting of a free circulation of opinion, an increase of rational lights, the diffusion of knowledge, the facilitating and giving publicity to the statement of important facts, in which the people are interested, by means of which, freedom of speech, and of the press, ought to be maintained. The approaches to public instruction should be facilitated; judicious systems of public education should be adopted. An enlightened and well educated people will doubt, will inquire, will think for themselves; while a rude, ignorant and miserable peasantry, discontented with their present state, their understandings clouded with barbarism, and warped by wishes and fears, will eagerly catch at every report or suggestion that flatters the hope of change—of change which must ever be welcome to the miserable."

REMARKABLE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

IN the Memoirs of the Count de Maurepas, published not long ago, we find an account of a most singular hypochondriac, in the person of the Prince of Bourbon. He once imagined himself to be an Hâre, and would suffer no bell to be rung in his palace, lest the noise of it should drive him to the woods. At another time he fancied himself to be a Plant, and as he stood in the garden, insisted on being watered. He sometime afterwards thought he was dead, and refused nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion. This whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Luxemburg, (both deceased) and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turenne, also deceased. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made an hearty meal. While his disorder had this turn, he always dined in the cellar with some noble Ghost. We are also informed that this strange malady did not incapacitate him for business, especially when his interest was concerned.

ROMAN VIRTUE.

DENTALUS, the consul, who preferred a life of poverty, was eating his repast out of a wooden dish, when the Samnite Ambassadors came to beg an audience, and offered him a considerable sum of money to procure his interest in their favor. *My poverty*, said he, *undoubtedly made you expect*

to corrupt my honor; but I love rather to command those who have gold, than to be myself the owner. If there is pride in this expression, it is the pride of a noble soul.

Mr. Broughton has published, in England, the account of his "Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean; in which the Coast of Asia, from the lat. of 35 deg. N. to the lat. of 52 deg. N. the Island of Jufa, commonly known under the name of the *Land of Jesse*, the north, south, and east coasts of Japan, the Lieuchauz, and the adjacent Isles, as well as the Coast of Corea, have been examined and surveyed."

This voyage was performed in his Majesty's sloop Providence, and her tender, in the years 1795-6-7-8. It is creditable to the perseverance and spirit of Mr. Broughton, that after he had the misfortune to loose his ship, he prosecuted the remainder of his voyage round the stormy coast of Japan in the tender! After having visited the Canary Islands, Rio Janeiro, Port Jackson, Otaheite, the Sandwich Islands, and Nootka Sound, the Providence steered immediately for Japan and Jusa. Mr. Broughton next visited the Karib Islands, of which Ottareekan was the boundary of this, as well as La Perouse's voyage. Ranging the eastern coast of Japan, and passing to the Lieuchieux Islands, he proceeded to Macao; thus completing the first part of the expedition. The second expedition was to the North, through the Straits of Sangaar, returning by the coast of the Corea, and the Yellow Sea. Unfortunately, his ship was wrecked on the coral reef, off the island of Typiasan; the description of whose natives, their manners, country, and habitations, is very interesting. This misfortune occasioned his return to China, where Capt. Broughton proceeded to survey the coast of Tartary. This work is chiefly interesting to navigators, who will derive much important information from it...*Lon. Mag.*

REMARKS.

We are not to frame our notions of any man from broken detached pieces of his behavior in particular instances: as all men have their days of inconsistency, and the best are not always good, nor the worst always bad.

The only justifiable method of judging men is from their actions; yet even here we are liable to infinite errors. As the actions of men derive their moral goodness from their motives, most excellent effects may frequently be produced by very bad causes.

LITERARY NOTICES.

[Of English Publications—he last year.]

ON the appearance of Miss WILLIAMS' "Political and Confidential Correspondence of Louis XVI." we animadverted with sufficient severity on the unfeeling character of her remarks. M. BERTRAND DE MOLEVILLE has written "A Refutation" of the libel on the memory of the late king, as he calls Miss Williams' publication. It is translated by Mr. Dallas, and ought to be read by every one who would cast a patient eye over the volume which it endeavors to discredit. Out of the seventy two royal letters, M. de Moleville allows the genuineness of only seven! His reasons must be sought for in his work.

"An Abstract of the whole Doctrine of the Christian Religion, by J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN. From a MS. in her Majesty's possession." This work, part of which is printed at Lord Stanhope's stereotype press, makes its appearance under the patronage of the Queen of Great Britain; and the editor, who is no less celebrated a divine than the bishop of London, has gone so far as to say, that he does not recollect any summary of all the doctrines of the Christian Religion, in the English Language, compressed into so short a compass, and arranged in so systematic and scientific a form. This is a very sorry compliment to the labors of our English theologians, who certainly need not shrink from submitting their works to a comparison with the confused metaphysical jargon, the wild speculations and incomprehensible disquisitions which are scattered through these pages. The editor considers Mr. Freylinghausen's work as excellently calculated to be an elementary book for the religious instruction of the youth of both sexes. Let any read, among many others, the article on Divine Illumination, the Spiritual and Mystical Union with God, Justification, Election, Reprobation, &c. &c. and say seriously, whether these subjects, thus treated, would not confound, perplex, and almost stupify the acutest theologian of the times.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Collectanea," Nos. 1 & 2, is received; we presume this department will contribute much to the amusement of the literary reader.

We hope to hear again from our poetic friends—the Muse of Beaumont, in descriptive poetry, is entitled to merit.

The "Shepherdess of the Alps" is a pretty thing; but we believe a similar translation of this novel is embodied in Marmontel's works.

The editors solicit the assistance of men of letters and leisure: Original communications are read with the greatest avidity.—And no work can be acceptable at the present day without them.

POETRY.

The beauties of the following inscription will insensibly strike the reader. The powers of poesy seldom create more lively sensations than from its perusal.

Here stop, young man! and if thine eye
Can shed o'er injur'd worth a tear,
With heedless step, oh! pass not by,
But wake the thought of pity here.

Beneath this yew tree's fun'ral shade
The broken hearted NANCY sleeps;
And often here the passing maid,
Or passing rustic stops and weeps.

For black-hair'd NANCY, kind and fair,
Was gentle as the gentle dove,
And died (ah wretched!) in despair,
The victim of unhallowed love!

Or, if thou shedd'st the bitter tear
O'er thine own sorrows, man forlorn!
Here pause; for she reposes here
Who once, like thee, was doom'd to mourn.

Beneath this yew's dark umbrage rest,
Against the rugged trunk reclin'd;
And tender thoughts, ideas blest,
Shall softly soothe thy mourning mind.

But hast thou, wretch, by beastly lust
Impell'd to do the blasted deed,
Betray'd the virgin's guileless trust?
Wretch, if thou hast, stop here and read:

"Spoiler of maids, whose soul is guile,
A villian's victim sleeps below!
She drank sweet poison in a smile,
And found that lawless love was woe.

"Modest she was, she knew not art;
Her thought ne'er soar'd on wings of pride;
Her hand was bounteous, and her heart
To pity's mildness was allied.

"Love, love the purest, fir'd her breast;
Love was betray'd by villainy;
But now her sorrows are at rest,
And her sad story speaks to thee."

BEN JONSON AND THE FISH.

By G. S. Carey.

IT was in first King James's days,
For so the story teller says,
Ben Jonson, that dramatic wight,
Was dining with a jovial knight,
Fond of a song, or classic wit,
Ben, to a peg, his fancy hit;
For 'tis not always that we see
Rich men possess ability,
They oft refer to poorer folk
To lend their leaden brains a joke,
Then strait retail it through the town,
And swear the wit was all their own.

The board was spread with goodly fare,
Enough to make a poet stare;
The bard first made his choice of fish,
The Knight soon help'd him to his wish;
But scarce had Ben receiv'd his plate,
Ere he began to scratch his pate,
And, rising from his chair upright,
He bit his lips, as 'twere, in spite,
Anon, just like a maddening elf,
He mutter'd inward to himself;
In converse close did next appear,
Holding the haddock to his ear,
And in a parly seem'd to be,
About some hidden mystery.

The Knight on Ben now fix'd his eyes,
And staring on him with surprise,
He thought him frantic grown, and wild,
Ask'd if Old Harry had beguil'd
Him of his wits.—"Oh, no, sir! no;
There is, sir knight, if you would know,
A secret 'twixen this fish and me,
I ask'd him when he left the sea."
The donor, loudly laughing, cry'd,
"Pray tell us what the fish reply'd."

"Three weeks, good sir, his answer goes,
Nay, only hold it to your nose,
For I have not the smallest doubt
But you will smell the secret out."
The Knight adher'd to his request,
And found the force of Jonson's jest,

A MODERN RAPE OF THE LOCK.

HAPPY the Friseur who in Delia's hare
With licens'd fingers uncontrol'd may rove,
And happy in his death the Dancing Bear,
Who died to make pomatum for my love.

Last night, as o'er the page of love's despair,
My Delia bent deliciously to grieve,
I stood a treacherous loiterer by her chair,
And drew the fatal scissors from my sleeve.

And would that at that instant o'er my thread,
The shears of Atropos had open'd then:
And when I reft the lock from Delia's head,
Had cut me from the sons of men.

She heard the scissors that fair lock divide,
And while my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury frown on me, and cried,
"You stupid puppy, you have spoil'd my WIG!"

ON KISSING.

And if it were not lawful, the lawyers would not use it;
And if it were not pious, the clergy would not choose it;
And if it were not a dainty thing, the gentry would not
crave it;
And if it were not a plentiful thing, we poor girls could
not have it.

ON TOBACCO.

A Parody—by a Sailor.

And if it wasn't lawful, the lawyers would not use it;
And if it wasn't pleasant, the parsons would not choose it;
And if it wasn't a dainty thing, the gentry would not
crave it;
And if it wasn't a plentiful thing, we poor dogs could
not have it.

One Irishman meeting another, asked, what had become of their old acquaintance Patrick Murphy? Arrah, now, my dear honey, answered the other, poor Paddy was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in a prison.

Three Irishmen having found four apples, consulted together how to divide them—one, at length, wiser than the rest, undertook it, and divided them in the following equal manner—"Here's two for you two, and here's two for me too.

A gentleman observed to Dr. Johnson, that there were less vagrant poor in Scotland than in England, and, as a proof of it, said, there was no instance of a beggar dying in the streets there—"I believe you are very right, sir," (says Johnson) but that does not arise from the want of vagrants, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman.

F. Quevedo de Villegas says somewhere,
"Lend and never ask for your money,
make presents, treat, endure, do good
turns, hold your peace, and suffer your-
self to be cheated cheerfully; so shall you
be beloved of all mankind."

His advice to those who would be successful at suits at law was, "Never pay your council nor attorney, nor discharge any fees of court; for all that money is certainly left, and it is a daily charge to you. And if you pay them and gain your cause, still your money is gone; or, if you are cast, still worse. For, take notice, before you go to law, the controversy is, whether the money is your's or another's, but when the suit is begun, the contrivance is that it be neither your's or the other's."

er's, but their's who pretend to defend you both."—At Rome, in the chancery court, on the stair-case, there is a bas-relievo of Apollo flaying Marsyas; on which a stinging epigram has been made at the expense of the lawyers.

A fracas occurred at New-York on the 4th inst. Some Hibernians of the lower order viewing the troops, observed "there was not an American soldier worth looking at except the Irish Greens." This was resented by a little Yankee, and a battle ensued, in which the New-Englander knocked down two or three of his adversaries, but a number of others interfering, the action threatened to be very important, when the Mayor, after a little rude treatment, succeeded in dispersing the combatants.

DIED,

At Madeley, (Eng.) Mr. Samuel Stretch, aged 72, who may with justice be ranked in the catalogue of eccentric misers. He was a native of Market Drayton, in Shropshire, and the early part of his life was spent as a private in the army, in which capacity he experienced some service in fighting the battles of his country. For a length of time he resided in an obscure dwelling at Madeley, into which, it is said, he has not for many years admitted either male or female, and from the best accounts we can give, it was indeed a dwelling of complete wretchedness. It is about fifteen years since he purchased a load of coals, a part of which were left at the time of his death. His chief employ was to go about to the adjacent towns, carrying letters and small parcels, and performing errands for his neighbors. His person bespoke the most abject penury. He usually appeared in an old slouched hat, and tattered garments, scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, with a ragged bag hung over his shoulder, in which he mostly carried a little parsley, or some other kind of herb, the produce of his garden; these he generally offered as a present at the different places where he had to do business, and when accepted, he took care to deal them out with a very sparing hand. This shew of generosity, together with his eccentric address and conversation, usually produced him a tenfold return. On searching his tattered satchel after his death, it was found to contain old bones and shoes soles, pieces of paper, &c. which articles he usually collected in his peregrinations; his stock of linen consisted of two old shirts and a pair of sheets; in his hut were found several articles of silver plate, &c. His death was occasioned by a violent cold, brought on by his falling into a ditch in a state of intoxication, on his return from Newcastle the Saturday preceding. By his penurious disposition he has amassed a considerable sum of money (exclusive of a loss of five hundred pounds which he experienced a few years ago) a part of which he has left to purchase an additional bell for the church at Madeley, and an annual salary for it to be rung every night a nine o'clock during the summer months; and eight during the winter; a chandelier for the church; a bell for the use of the free school; £5 per annum towards the organist's salary for that place, and a like annual amount for the Drayton organist; a further sum to be applied to the enlarging and repairing the Madeley almshouse, and clothing and educating two poor children, until of a proper age to be put apprentice; and to his relations two shillings and sixpence each.

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